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*Respects of
Wm. Parker*

Laying of the Corner Stone

OF

A NEW EDIFICE.

✓
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

NOVEMBER 1, 1860.

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CELEBRATION

ON

THE SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE FOUNDATION OF

✓
Middlebury College.

ADDRESSES AND A POEM,

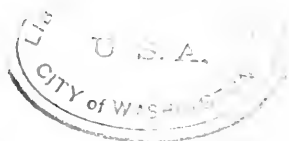
ON LAYING THE

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CORNER STONE OF A NEW EDIFICE.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

in MIDDLEBURY:

PRINTED AT THE REGISTER BOOK AND JOB OFFICE.
1860.



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NOTICE.

The following addresses and poem, were prepared with no design for publication. But as there has been a wish expressed by many citizens, and especially by the students of the College, to see them in print, they have been furnished for that purpose. The occasion that called for the celebration on the first of November, is sufficiently explained in the several performances.

Middlebury, Nov. 20th, 1860.

Laying the Corner Stone.

REMARKS OF PRESIDENT LABAREE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—We have assembled to perform an interesting ceremony; to lay the corner stone of a new edifice for Middlebury College. The occasion may not seem to call for any special observance, because such events are by no means uncommon in our country at the present time; churches, hospitals, literary institutions, or public edifices of some kind are so frequently erected, that they attract no particular attention. But however common in the wide world around, they have not been frequent with us, and we have therefore deemed it proper to celebrate the occasion with a little ceremony and appropriate literary exercises. This is the fourth time that such an event has occurred in the history of our Institution, but the present is invested with more than usual interest from a very pleasing coincidence: the legislative act creating Middlebury College, and the Charter, investing it with rights, powers and privileges, bear date November 1, 1800, and therefore our College is just three-score years old to-day. Is it not fitting, then, that we should commemorate this anniversary of Alma Mater, who is still so full of vigor, elasticity and hope, that she feels all the buoyancy of youth, prepares to commence life anew, and to lay foundations for many years to come?

In laying the corner stone of an edifice, there is no law, written or traditional, no authority from history or custom, that prescribes the manner of the ceremony, or the particular position that the

stone must occupy. It has sometimes been placed on the top of the wall near the roof, and again in the centre of the front wall, and yet again on the foundation wall. Some even maintain, strange as it may appear, that a foundation corner stone ought to be placed at the corner of the foundation. We happen to be of that opinion, and therefore we place this stone here, at the north-west corner, in the foundation of the proposed edifice. Please notice particularly the position that the stone is to occupy. Does it not look as if the place was made for the stone and the stone for the place. There is a solid ledge of rock, extending wide, and running deep—it may be to the centre of the earth. May it not be one of the old pillars of creation, coming up here near the surface, and kindly offering its broad shoulder, as a firm resting place for the massive stone structure here to be erected? We have then been anticipated, an architect has been here before us, the foundations of our College were laid long ago. If hereafter the inquiry is made as of old, “Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened, or who laid the corner stone thereof? tell if thou hast understanding.” We may reply with reverence, the Great Architect of nature has done it, He prepared these foundations, He laid the corner stone. On such a basis it is surely safe for us to build. Here then we lay this corner stone. And is it not well chosen, just the thing to lie here and bear the weight of two walls? Its large proportions, its compact texture, its cheerful air of patient endurance, mark it for a service of no common honor and responsibility. Some philosophers talk much of the *fitness of things*: is not here a pertinent illustration? The foundation, a solid rock, from centre to circumference, and rock is to be the material of the walls, of which this corner stone is a fair specimen. Will any believe that a building with such a foundation and of such materials will be insecure? The floods cannot undermine it, unless they first wash away the foundations of the earth. Nor can the winds demolish it without producing a convulsion that shall shake the solid world. No, neither the wisdom of man nor the industry of man ever prepared a more fitting, more enduring, more perfect foundation on which to construct a public edifice, than this which is made ready at our hands.

Nature has not only been propitious in furnishing an immoveable basis for our College, she has prepared for us this charming site, so well fitted for the varied purposes of a literary institution. I refer not merely to its seclusion from the noise and bustle of business, nor to the invigorating atmosphere which moves among these valleys and swells over these hills, but to the cheerful, exhilarating prospect that meets the eye as it looks forth from this place. A gentleman of varied culture, whose opinion is authority on such subjects, standing on an eminence near us, and taking into view mountain and valley, hill and dale, forest and field, north, south, east and west, pronounced it, for sublimity and varied beauty, one of the finest prospects he had ever seen. But the scene needs no endorsers, it speaks for itself. Notice in the east, that vast amphitheatre of mountains, extending in a wide sweep from north-west to south-west, presenting in general outline a pleasing uniformity, but in the filling of the picture, an agreeable variety, where "hills peep o'er hills," covered with verdant fields and towering forests. Our western view is bounded by the bold and lofty Adirondacks, with furrowed sides and serrated crests, stretching onward, as far as the eye can reach, towards the north pole. Then, to give a chastened sobriety to the view, the eye falls upon yonder cemetery, with its thickening tombs, and its funeral monuments, that the hand of affection has reared to the loved, the great and the good, and suggests this needful lesson: by what a frail, uncertain tenure, do we hold all earthly joys and earthly possessions, friends, wisdom and wealth.

If scenery and surroundings are important auxiliaries in the work of education, then have the Faculty of Middlebury College many valuable helpers in training mind.

We have said that our College is 60 years old to day. When we call to mind the ancient and venerable Institutions of the Old World, the Universities of Paris, Oxford, Bologna, which count their years by hundreds, our Institution of three score years seems but in its childhood; but compared with the Colleges of our country, ours ranks among the oldest. Of the 150 Colleges and Universities now existing in the United States, Middlebury College was, in

chronological order, the 26th. In the 17th century, there were but three Institutions of the kind established, Harvard in 1636, William and Mary in 1692, and Yale in 1700. In the 18th century and before the Revolution, only 6; after the Revolution and before the close of the century, 17; of which Middlebury was the last, chartered just two months before the end of the century. During the first half of the present century, more than 100 were organized. So many new ones have arisen that our College seems to be thrown back into a remote antiquity.

There is some misunderstanding and occasionally perhaps a little misrepresentation respecting the origin and early history of Middlebury College. Leaving then the oratory, the sentiment and the poetry to the young gentlemen who are to follow me, I ask your brief attention to a few historical facts, connected with the origin of Collegiate Institutions in this State. The early history of Colleges in Vermont, like that of civil government, is peculiar, unique, it has no parallel in the whole country. I think it is not generally known that Dartmouth College was the first Institution of the kind in this Commonwealth. Many of the inhabitants in the eastern part of New Hampshire desired to form a political connection with Vermont, and accordingly our General Assembly extended its jurisdiction over several townships on the eastern bank of Connecticut River, including Hanover, the seat of Dartmouth College, and voted, at the request of the President and Trustees, to take that Institution under its care.* Soon, however, this connection with those townships was dissolved, Connecticut River established as the boundary, and Vermont was left again without a College.

Such friendly relations had been established between the President of Dartmouth College and the General Assembly of Vermont,

*In June, 1778, the General Assembly of Vermont, met at Bennington, and passed the following votes in relation to Dartmouth College. Extracts from the Journal. 1. "Voted to take the petition of the Rev. Dr. Wheelock into consideration. 2. Voted to take the incorporated University of Dartmouth under the patronage of this State. 3. Voted, that the Rev. Dr. Eleazar Wheelock be appointed and commissioned as a justice of the peace for said incorporated Society. 4. Voted, that the Trustees of Dartmouth College have power to choose or nominate an assistant justice to the Rev. E. Wheelock, D. D."—*Slade's State Papers*, p. 273.

that on his petition a tract or township of land in this State, was granted to that Institution, and was called Wheelock, in honor of its President. The Trustees were so much encouraged by the success of this application, that they kindly offered to relieve the authorities of our State from all further care and responsibility in respect to the higher departments of education, provided they should receive a suitable consideration; that is, provided the lands that had been set apart in Vermont for the use of Academies, and a University, and for other purposes, should be sequestered to the use of the said corporation. This application was not successful, but it seems to have produced this good result; it called forth inquiry, discussion and the interchange of views among the friends of collegiate education, and led to the conclusion, that Vermont, though young and small and poor, was yet old enough and large enough, and rich enough, to have an Institution of its own.

In 1791, the year in which Vermont was received into the Union, the Legislature resolved that a College or University should be established, and then the question arose, in what part of the State it should be located. It seems that the Institution was put up at auction, and offered to the highest bidder. The State had been thoroughly canvassed to ascertain what town or County would promise the most liberal support to the prospective University, and it appeared that Burlington offered to raise £5650, of which one individual pledged £4000, and that no other town had made so large a bid. Accordingly the location was fixed at Burlington, though Rutland received a large number of votes. Middlebury was not a competitor.—Thus the University was chartered and located. Years passed on but no University appeared; the gentlemen who had made the most liberal offer towards the endowment, for some reason failed to fulfil his engagement, and the Trustees could not, or did not improve the charter, and it was supposed that they had relinquished the purpose of erecting a College at Burlington.

The urgent need of such an Institution in Western Vermont, was felt by many intelligent gentlemen in this part of the State, and at length a few liberal minded, large hearted men of Middlebury, encouraged by persons of wisdom and experience in and out of the

State, determined to take measures to establish a College in Middlebury. Their names should be familiar to us all. Many engaged in the work, but five assumed the principal responsibility, viz: Painter, Storrs, Chipman, Miller and Matthews.

The early history of our College is intimately connected with that of the Addison County Grammar School, and to that Institution I must therefore briefly allude. In 1797 a charter was granted for a Grammar School and certain lands assigned to it, "provided that the people of Middlebury and vicinity shall build and finish a good and sufficient House for the Grammar School of the value of \$1000, by the next stated session of the Legislature." Passed Nov. 8th 1797.

The corporation thus created, consisting of the five gentlemen above named, immediately organized, and took measures to obtain funds for the building. I hold in my hand the result of their efforts,—a subscription, containing 85 names, with sums annexed varying from \$12,50 to \$350,00, amounting in the aggregate to \$4150. A large and convenient building was erected in 1798 which met the conditions of the charter, and yonder it stands, 62 years old and a very comely edifice even now.—In 1799 Mr. Jeremiah Atwater, a tutor in Yale College, was elected Principal of the Grammar School, and he continued in that office several years. During the same year (1799,) application was made by the gentlemen before named and others for a College charter—but for some cause the request was postponed for one year. In 1800 the act of incorporation was passed, and the charter issued.—By the charter Mr. Atwater was made President of the College, though he continued Principal of the Grammar School until 1805. Seldom has any aspirant to literary honors been called to sustain, such numerous, complex, and almost incompatible relations to an Institution of learning, as was this young President of Middlebury College. No professor was elected until 1806. Mr. Atwater was therefore President, professors and principal of the Grammar School; and I presume, though I find no record of the fact, yet reasoning from analogy, I presume, he was also agent for the collection of funds. In his literary labors of instruction, he was aided by a tutor, and if

circumstances required, by a second tutor. The faculty was small the number of students small, and the salaries not very large. The most determined advocate of low wages for schoolmasters, could not have had the heart to ask the President and Tutor, if they would not take a little less. The salary of the former was \$450, that of the latter \$200. The first class graduated in 1802, and was composed of one individual. The College, now fairly launched, spread its sails to the breeze. Some have supposed that this Institution was established in opposition to the University, but it appears from these statements, that there was no University to oppose, unless the record of an Act on the Statute book, and a Charter on parchment constitute a University. No, the founders of Middlebury College engaged in this good work, because there was no literary institution in Vermont suited to meet the higher educational wants of the people. Soon indeed the University began to show signs of life, and shortly after, set forth in its literary career, two years behind the College, and since that period, they have run in parallel lines.

Whatever regrets may be felt or expressed that two Collegiate Institutions should exist in such proximity, neither has occasion to "ask pardon for having been born." They have each a legitimate right to exist. The College should not complain of the University for an awaking from its long slumbers and putting forth vital energies; its perfect right to life and action can neither be denied nor questioned. Nor should the University complain of the College for innocently mistaking a sleep of *nine years*, for that fatal sleep "which knows no waking." These Institutions have existed side by side for sixty years, and they will doubtless exist for sixty years to come, yea, and prosper too, we hope. Sure we are that Middlebury College has before it a prosperous future. The enlargement of its boundaries which we commence on this, its 60th birth-day, and that massive, immovable foundation prepared to receive the new structure, we accept as auspicious omens, indicating alike progress and prosperity, solidity and stability.

On occasions of laying a corner-stone it is common, I believe, for a church, a society or a literary institution to make a declaration of sentiments; if it be the inauguration of an enterprise altogether new,

to announce the purpose and design of the edifice. the principles and practices which will govern or mark its future course of action ; if it be only the extension of an institution, whose principles are known, then to declare what changes, if any, are to be made in principles, plans or policy. On these point we have but few utterances to make ; no new views to proclaim, no innovations to propose, no important changes to advocate.

The Institution has existed for three score years, under four distinct College administrations, embracing more than 20 Professors and 100 Trustees, in the midst of communities often agitated and convulsed with earnest controversies in social, political and religious questions, yet has it pursued an even, uniform, policy disturbed by no discordant views and no conflicting theories. Its principles of education, its methods of forming character have been substantially the same during its entire history ; they have never been adjusted to the ever changing phases of human philosophy, nor have they been unsettled by the noisy clamor of pretended reformers in education. Our system is established on the basis of sound common sense and the revealed law of God ; its practical workings are guided, and when necessary modified, not by human fancies and theoretic abstractions, but by well considered, and well attested experience. We hold that it will be the aim of right education always and every where to cultivate all the powers of the intellect in due proportion ; that while mental culture is a duty as well as a source of enjoyment to the individual, it is, at the same time, a powerful instrument with which he may elevate or debase his fellow men, and is, therefore, to be regarded with apprehension, unless directed by a conscience, enlightened by Revelation ; that that education is seriously defective, which has exclusive regard to the intellect, and therefore the relations of man to his fellow men and to God and the duties arising from these relations, must be embraced in every right system of human culture ; and that the educator who has the true idea of his high vocation, will prepare his pupils not merely for self admiration, and inactive repose in the exclusive enjoyment of their acquisition and culture, but for active, useful exertion in the cause of our common humanity.

We believe that the government of an Institution should be kind

and parental, but firm and steady, that no more exactions should be made than are necessary for the good of the individual, and of the associated community, and no greater indulgence granted than is compatible with good order and progress in study. The art of self-government is one of the high and important ends of education ; it should be the first lesson inculcated by the teacher, and when thoroughly learned by his pupils, it will save him the unpleasant necessity of frequent appeals to law and penalty. If students will govern themselves by all means let them do it.

These principles and methods have now been tested by an experience of 60 years. Our record is in history, we cannot recall the past, if we would, it is a witness for or against us. Let that history be carefully, candidly perused and we will cheerfully abide its verdict. It will pronounce, we are confident, that no College in the country, in proportion to its number of graduates, has furnished for the State, the Church, the Nation and the World, more distinguished, more capable, or more useful men, than has Middlebury College ; it will affirm that no College has sent into the world, fewer men, who have dishonored their friends or their Alma Mater ; and it will show, we are persuaded, that no College can produce a fairer record in respect to the order, industry and manly bearing of its students.

The success of the Institution is to be attributed mainly, we think, to three causes.

I. The character of the material on which the forces of education are here exerted. We refer not merely to the effect produced upon both body and mind, by a hardy climate, mountain scenery, temperate habits and freedom from undue excitement, but especially to the fact, that a large proportion of the young men who resort to Middlebury College, are capable of estimating the value of an education, and they come with a distinct object in view, and fixed determination to make the most of their time and advantages.

II. Then our system of education, by its direct and practical character, its aims to produce a high and generous manhood, is well adapted to guide young men onward and upward to deeds of usefulness and honor.

III. The third cause we find in the comparative smallness of

our classes. It is admitted in some of our large Colleges that many are expected to fail, both in scholarship and character, and the expectation usually becomes reality; yet it is claimed that this loss finds ample compensation in the superior excellence of those who succeed. We have no such method of computing profit and loss. We believe that every student, who is worthy of a place in College, is capable of making an honorable and useful man, and that it is our duty as teachers and guardians of youth, to strengthen the weak, stimulate the indolent, encourage the desponding, and reform the erring; and we despair of none, until we are convinced, by fair experiment, that College is not the place for them. Such attention to individual culture, is scarcely possible, where the number of students is very large. Small Colleges have, no doubt, their disadvantages; it is a very common complaint, I know, that it costs too much to sustain them. We do not claim that they are an economy of money, but we do maintain that they are an economy of men and of mind, and which is the more important saving, it surely is not difficult for wise men to determine.

We have made brief allusion to the past, now what of the future? This day will be in some respects, an era in our history—our increasing numbers have made it necessary to erect a new edifice. Shall we copy from the past or shall we make advance? We believe in progress, and therefore we design to construct a building somewhat more inviting in its external appearance, and more convenient in its interior arrangements, than any which have preceded it. So would we have improvement mark our progress at ever step; not in architecture alone, but our grounds should become more and more adorned, our libraries and other facilities for instruction increased, our methods made more perfect, our aims and views more elevated; we would have our whole history marked, from decade to decade, by a progressive christian civilization. This will be the aim, I am sure, of the guardians of the College; this I know is the desire of the Faculty of Instruction. But the reputation of a Literary Institution and its actual capabilities for usefulness, depend, in no small degree, upon the character and conduct of the young men, who resort to it for instruction. To you then, Young Gentle-

men of the Institution, I appeal, and invite your co-operation in this good work of enlarging and perfecting the influence of Middlebury College. Should you meet, as I am sure you will, this desire and this effort for progress on the part of the Corporation and Faculty, by a corresponding purpose and endeavor, to become thorough in scholarship, faithful in every duty, and manly in your whole deportment, then, though we may not excel other Institutions in number, in wealth, or in educational facilities, we may present to them and to the world, a bright and respected example of a College, highly useful, well regulated and wisely progressive.

ADDRESS

BY BRAINERD KELLOGG, TUTOR.

SIXTY years ago, this, the first of November, as you have already been told, Middlebury College was chartered by the Legislature of Vermont, and by that act, on that day, was brought into substantial being.

It was a puny, sickly child, as most children who ripen into athletic adults, are in their infancy, I believe, scantily nursed and on thin diet yet under the regimen of a stern discipline, cradled with an abundance of spare room, for years, in the wooden building below at the foot of the park. Two decades or less, after its birth, the child, then a youth, burst his swaddling bands, his *incunabula*, and robed in his toga prætexta, forsook his cradle at the base of the hill, and made his home first in one and afterwards in both these buildings on its summit. To-day the hitherto child throws off this also, the badge of his childhood and dons the toga virilis, as an earnest that the boy of 1800 has passed through the years of his minority, and reached vigorous manhood in 1860.

You will all agree with me I am sure, that one's natal day is not always the most eventful day in his history, or the one most worthy of commemoration. There are times, are there not, Ladies and Gentlemen, in the lives of individuals and not less in that of things, when, as it were, the coil of an old nature is shuffled off and a new one is assumed by them, when a fresh influx of power is taken in—when their vitality blossoms out into richer and nobler forms, that

make the day which witnesses this transformation worthier of memory than any which has gone before it? What, for example, are all the years of the germination and patient growth of the century plant, in comparison with the hour when it suddenly shoots up into its single flower? The day in which the boy attains his majority and comes into actual ownership of his brawn and his brain, is a prouder day for him, I trow; than any one of the twenty one years which antedate it. And the 4th of July, when in spirit, at least, our country took from her neck the yoke of the mother land, and emerged from a colonial life into a life of independence, we all think merits national celebration, though we scarcely remember the days in which the seed from the old world was blown over, caught and took root at Plymouth, and on the banks of the James.

To-day, Middlebury College has laid the corner stone of her new building; by no other language could she so emphatically tell you of her lusty life and her vigor, as when she thus lengthens her cords and strengthens her stakes; no other oracle could be so tangible a prophecy of a glorious future yet in store for her. I need not tell you that her sons do not care to conceal from you their joy and rejoicing at this; it is meet, they feel, that we should make merry and be glad—in the ceremonies of the day, and in your presence assisting in them, there is, then, a propriety obvious to the dullest, and needing neither defence nor apology. The circumstances of the hour suggest a topic which it would be folly in me to disregard. Will you for a while forget Lincoln and the approaching election, and brood with me over Middlebury College, past and prospective?

All along during the past three-fifths of the nineteenth century, while our country has been enacting her wonderful history, multiplying over and again her area, her wealth, her population, her institutions religious and educational, her varied resources and her busy life, this College has been silently at work, impressing herself with a power increasing as the number and years of her sons have increased, upon every department of our social life as a people. It is a thought which is something other than a merely literal sense, every alumnus of the College may take to himself, viz: had it not been for his Alma Mater, no profession in which educated men

engage, would be as complete as it is ; our country, indeed, could not be what it is to day. For this, like her sister institutions, is one of the many arteries which carry the life blood of a pure education out from the fountain of educated mind, and through myriad ducts and capillaries, meeting in endless interlacings and osculations, form over all the body of society a nutrient net work which feeds its life and its growth and ministers to its health. The work of the College is blended with that of all similar agencies ; you cannot disentangle her thread from the web woven by them all, just as you cannot separate the waters of Otter Creek from those of the million other rivers, when all have intermingled in the great basin of the ocean, just as you cannot unravel one of those sunbeams, and pluck out any of the colors which blend and interlace and lose their individuality in the whole, yet it was none the less distinct and personal, and her own, at the starting, and is none the less efficient an entity in the aggregate, for that reason. I am persuaded, men and women of Middlebury, that those who live within sight of her weather-cock, and the sound of her bell, are those who most misjudge a College, look at her through concave rather than convex, or even plane, lenses. Paradoxical as it may seem and *is* in optics, it is nevertheless true in the transferred sense in which I use it, that the institution subtends a smaller visual angle to you who are near her than to those who look upon her from a distance. That a prophet is not without honor save in his own country partially explains this, but a deeper reason for it lies in this, that a daily familiarity with the clanking machinery of the College withdraws your attention from the power working through this machinery, and blinds you to her true nature and the results achieved by her. You hear her bells, you see the procession of her students marching to recitation or meals, you meet them in your parlors, your stores and at your tables, you see them as they file into your churches and hear them when on anniversaries they address you, occasionally some peccadillo of which one is guilty, reaches your ears and to you, when suggested, the College means just this, and nothing more. Her expression, sum total, is a hundred youth, more or less, in different stages of development, vibrating between their boarding houses on the one hand

and their private or recitation rooms on the other. no wonder if you cannot forget this daily vision as in panorama it passes before you, that the College seems to you a little thing—a cheap, feeble instrumentality. A heavy firm in business doesn't express itself in the goods which lie in bales in its warehouse, or paraded on its shelves, if you would find what is its capital, add to this petty inventory its ready money, its bills receivable, its bonds, its mortgages, its bank stock, its investments in personal property and landed estate, its monopoly of the trade, its credit, its skill, its hands, its brain to direct them—just so you must look beyond her Students and Faculty, which, as it were, are only her goods in sight and estimate her *investments*, would you measure the capital of the College and gauge her work aright? And in what calling, I pray you, has she not an interest valid and increasing? Her property is not so much money as men, not matter to be handled and transferred and inherited, but mind to be felt. It may make but an indifferent show upon your census lists and tax rolls—business men may not be able to foot it up—it is not quoted under the head of “prices current,” for it is above price save as an Infinite Jehovah may ap prize it—for it lies in that power embodied always and every where in educated mind—a power which men cannot gauge but which gauges men—a power in whose hands men and money and things are toys and foot-balls—a power which in the domain of Letters, in Theology, Law, Medicine, Agriculture, the Sciences, Government, Instruction, any where, everywhere, is felt as an influence shaping things about it—giving tone and volume to public opinion and leaving behind it always a rich deposit of good. This, in part, is Middlebury College, this is what we mean when, on such an occasion as the present, we speak of the College. Have you then seen it, do you see it in the students deploying before you, in the machinery at work here on College Hill? Ah! no; for the College is not located here in Middlebury especially, it is wherever her sons are, goes where they go, and impresses herself through them on the endless and endlessly multiplied, lines of cause and effect in matter and, above all, in mind. I repeat it, then, you who live nearest the College are most prone to acquire narrow

views of the College since it is so easy to let the present and the visible supplant, in thought, that which is invisible, though it be many fold more efficient and enduring.

We live so much in a world of magnitudes it is not strange that we are constantly using terms which imply size or the want of it. We say of this, it is great, of that, it is small, of the other, it is medium in size. No one misunderstands us, though, in strictest accuracy, all such talk is a blunder. Things are great or small, at the same time great *and* small, according to the magnitude of that with which we compare them. Gulliver, you know, was a Titan to the Lilliputians, but you remember that to the Brobdingnagians he was less than a Lilliputian himself, and many with us have the happy conceit of thinking themselves great, because they measure themselves by their inferiors, while the world, more wise, reverses this decision of the lower court in reversing the standard by which they are judged. We can thus, in speaking of things which have real dimensions—bulk—speak intelligibly only as we imply a certain standard of comparison understood by others—we have no right to use these terms at all when we talk of that which is so intangible and immeasurable in its nature and being as a College has been seen to be. Who, forsooth, are we that we shall assume to take up human lives, deeds, thoughts, mental power—the essence of a College—and weigh them in themselves, weigh them as stimulators to the growth of others, weigh them in all the light and heavy trains of influence which they start and keep in ceaseless motion—each influence in turn begetting other influences and so on forever—weigh them in the work which they thus accomplish in the world, and then, placing one over against another, say, that this is the greater and that, the lesser. Who of you dare tell me that the giving of the Widow's two mites has not prompted to more benevolence in the world than all the homilies and bequests that have followed from that day to this, or dare contradict me if I assert it. The Catalogue of Middlebury College is not quite as formidable in its array of names as a City Directory, and yet no one can truthfully compare this with any sister institution that has even a multiple of her students, and say of one that its the larger and of the

other, it is the smaller. For the true terms of the comparison are all unknown, no algebraist can get at their values, nor will he, ever, until disclosed to him and the congregated universe in that day when everything hidden to mortal ken shall be brought out into light. But the one thought which I would impress upon my audience to day, is, that in educating mind, especially in the formative period of its youth, there is no agency which, with the least show of propriety, can be called small. A cambric needle can pry apart the gates of life as well as a Paixhan ball can demolish them—just so upon the hinge of a word—a grasp of the hand—a mute tear—human souls freighted with their destinies, are forever swinging. Let us linger a moment upon this idea of education. The noblest work of the Creator is man, not his body for, for aught I know, a butterfly or a honeysuckle may rival that in texture and in mechanism but his mind and its mysterious marriage with the body. Body, matter, grows by robbing other matter, abstracting its substance from other bodies, the sum total of substance not at all affected by its growth but remaining a constant quantity—*mind* grows without causing diminution in anything so that the sum total of mind is always a variable. Body changes its nature, its form, as in decomposition—mind, higher than matter, never changes save as it takes to itself new relations to things, new capacities, new growths. Its food is knowledge, influences, truth—it gathers them all up into itself, though, like the oil in the miracle, as much remains as before, and in its wondrous transmutation makes mind of them all—passing thus from a possible power, to one in fact. What a worth Heaven stamps upon it and what a dignity it gives to every agency at work training it, when we remember that God himself, as if jealous of every other instrumentality, takes into his own hands, preeminently, the education of it. Look at it and see with what a rank he clothes this work and every agent whom He allows to cooperate with Him. He first puts into us an insatiable desire to know—to learn—and then exhausts his ingenuity, Himself, even, in spurring it with motives and satisfying it with objects. He places us in this Museum of nature, subordinates everything in it to our mastery, makes winds, tides, currents, germination, growth, decay, all things, teach us so that

we find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks and sermons in stones" and then, as if for fear that all this were not enough, He makes the pleasure we feel in learning to be the keenest that is possible to our experience. As though not the possession but the pursuit, of truth were paramount in importance, He never, if you will but notice it, fully reveals only sows, here and there, hints, suggestions, of the principles which hold facts in clusters, making the tap roots of all our knowledge to spring from the substratum of mystery immediately beneath, piquing thus our curiosity at every turn, wooing us with more than Calypso charms to their pursuit—and to consequent growth of mind. And all this, be it remembered, He does for each, for the race taken seriatim not in an aggregate—Dr. Nott need not limit his remark—the Almighty educated him—to the temperance champion John B. Gough, it is with emphasis true of every one of us. Snobs may affect to condemn the agencies at work educating mind but in the judgment of the All wise the universe was not too spacious a laboratory and schoolroom for it and He Himself none too learned an instructor. But what is more especially obvious to us is, that He makes use of human means likewise—moves upon this mass of mind through individual minds—makes each in a measure, to be his neighbors' teacher but some He anoints to be the special interpreters of His truth, admitting them to His arcana He sends them forth commissioning them to instruct their kind. In the true, if not the popular, sense the highest dignity He ever confers here, is that with which He dowers those agents and agencies acknowledged as collaborating with Himself in the work of genuine education. I am puzzled truly, to know what there is great anywhere within human achievement if this taking up of a deathless mind with all its young, unspent capabilities and budding energies—opening it to the light and heat and rain and dew of influences, truth—chasing from it the dark, dank shades of ignorance and narrowness training it to send outward and downward its roots and rootlets and upward its body and limbs and branches—keeping open and in ceaseless play, all its ducts and capillaries and countless breathing stomata until its fibre has grown tense, its layers compact, its bark rigid, its trunk burly, its arms long and supple and it can

wrestle victoriously with the winds and storms of error and of evil—I repeat, I know not what there is great anywhere, great in itself great, beyond all, in its issues, if this be small. If it were wood or clay with which one were dealing, a blunder were of little matter, fire or a blow could annihilate it and a substitute would be so easy—if bronze or gold even, it might be recast and the mistake corrected but what can undo the neglect shown, what can atone for the wrong done, to a living, spiritual power, crippled by this neglect, poisoned by this wrong and made by it to infect every current of influence that pulsates from it with a virus that shows itself in worse than plague spots, upon all who come within its circle. We talk, but how idly, of agencies that have in training hundreds of youth but I tell you it goes beyond all human computation to estimate the worth, the scope, of that which educates aright even one—in the true balancing of books it will be found that no outlay upon even such a little agency, as we term it, equals the revenue that all down the track of ages and throughout the æons of eternity shall be harvested from it.

Let me glean the fruit of this train of remark, as a thank offering to my subject. If I have not been prating foolishly, then the true inquiry is, not whether Middlebury College graduates as many students yearly as Yale or Harvard, nor whether her history is so old as to be legendary, but whether she does her work as well, whether she does it *well*. Compare, if you will, their graduates, man with man, their courses and methods of instruction if you please, but not their respective endowments nor the number of their alumni, and do not attempt the measurement of what I have called their essential magnitudes, for, as has been said, none but a mind of infinite grasp can comprehend the the smallest agency at work upon mind. Now, the great need of the world to-day, is what it has been—educated talent; the world stands ready to pay the price of any position for it, so that Napoleon's "what has he done?"—"*Que c'est qu'il a fait?*"—where is he in the worlds thought and place, is the best test of man's native power, but more especially of the quality of the discipline through which he has passed. If Middlebury College has done a good work and done it

well, you will see that fact best expressed in the posts of honor and power to which her sons have been called. And certes, they are not all, not all, in the rank and file of the world's battallions—some lead, some command. Of her more than 1000 graduates, many are, of course, yet too young to have distinguished themselves, yet she numbers among her alumni sixteen Presidents of Colleges—more than fifty Professors—eighty Principals of High Schools and Academies—two United States Senators, and fourteen members of the Lower House of Congress—five Governors of States, (six counting the Paulo Post Future Governor at Burlington)—one Justice of the United States Bench—a goodly number of Judges of Supreme and other State Courts—members of Legislatures *ad lib*—Lawyers and Clergymen prominent at the Bar and Pulpit in all the large cities of New England, and, indeed, of the whole Union, superadded to that effective corps of men in these two and in the other, professions, whose names will never be seen in the published histories of their Country—who seldom get even into the daily or weekly newspapers, but whose deeds and faithful lives and influences emanating from them, filling up, day by day, and year by year, the great volume of unwritten history, are recorded upon the thinking, throbbing heart and brain of society about them, in characters that shall be sharp in their outline when the slabs of Nineveh, aye, and the rocky pages of the geologic eras have been worn smooth and illegible under the tramp and the tread of the ages. It is no boast, but proper self respect, only, to make the College say of herself, that she is not ashamed of her record—she courts rather than avoids, comparison in this respect, with sister institutions. Indeed had I not a too intimate acquaintance with a certain member of '58, I should be half tempted to say that if one wishes to set out, with a good momentum, on the road to eminence, he has but to take his start from the Halls of Middlebury. It is something—even a New Yorker must confess it—that the College is located in staid, virtuous Vermont; more, that she crowns so pleasant a Hill in the quiet village of Middlebury, of which the least that can be said, is, that her air is bracing, her soil, affectionate, and her society, elevating, and where these two

mountain ranges over yonder and yonder, are worth as much as two Professors to those who daily talk with them, still the College must take to herself much, nay, most, of the credit of her work. Her Faculties have not always been the most brilliant of men, but they have been all the better for it—her present Faculty—well, Ladies and Gentlemen, bating Tutors, a synonym, you know, for “present company”—her present Faculty, like Massachusetts, needs no eulogy. Perhaps, like Dr. Johnson, they cannot quite furnish their pupils brains and ideas too, but I think that those students who have the former already, will bear me witness that they know how to supply as well as evoke, the latter.

It is plain, too, that to individual members, it is a spur in the sides of their intent that the Classes are no larger than they are, each receiving thus, his full modicum of attention, the certainty of a frequent and the chance of a constant, recitation, goading the most laggard to studious preparation.

Never forgetting that if one would bring even a knife blade to a keen cutting edge he can do so only by diminishing its width, its weight, its strength—the drift of instruction here is not to make students sharp, critical only, but to give them breadth as well as penetration of view, comprehensiveness not less than acumen, to their grasp of mind—facts are regarded as of worth only as they stand as indexes of principles and, like guides, conduct to them.

It seems to me that the course, as well as method, of instruction here, is eminently one of common sense. The classics pursued, are the purest extant—her mathematics combine well the practical with the theoretic—her chemistry and botany are brought down to latest dates—her political economy, the cream of works in political ethics, chimes in accordantly with the swelling tone of the thought of to-day, and her philosophy is neither the mysticism of Coleridge, nor the transcendentalism of Kant and the Rationalistic School, but the sturdy iron-linked metaphysics of that Prince of Philosophers, Sir William Hamilton, one of whose sentences strikes you like a bullet, and a page like an avalanche.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Middlebury College has outlived two generations of men, she is 60 years old to-day, but she isn't in her

dotage—there isn't a gray lock on her temples, she shows neither age in her look, nor decrepitude in her step or her stoop, on the contrary she was never so full of lusty life and of warm, healthy blood to feed it, as to-day. The strangest thing about such an Institution is, that while its founders and supporters die, *it* survives, living on through the years and the centuries, flourishing in an immortal vigor. Their law of life is always a law of growth, to it Middlebury College conforms—do you doubt it? how do you interpret yonder Corner stone? To me it is indubitable evidence of it. When you find the apartments in your house growing few and growing small, haven't you the best possible proof that your family is thriving—increasing in numbers and in size of members? Individual men don't build greater when they have already room enough, are not thirty-three individual men banded into a corporate body as wise as one, and as likely not to act without a sufficiency of motive? The logic, then, of the new building is just this—the soul of the College has grown to large for the body which now encases it—there is no longer room to give free play to the expanding life of the Institution—another building must be erected immediately to meet real necessities. And, believe me, it is an omen which every true friend of the College greets with a shout even if it suggests, aye, exacts of him, the duty of making an investment in it.

There has been a feeling current these latter years all through the valley of Champlain and likewise in Eastern Vermont, that the true interests of education demanded the union of the two Colleges—this and the one at Burlington, and twice attempts have been made to merge the two into one, transferring this to Burlington or bringing that to Middlebury, but twice these attempts have been fruitless—the oil and the water couldn't or wouldn't, unite. All who know the history of these negotiations, will bear me witness that this institution acted in good faith and in a wish to yield to public sentiment which seemed to call for their union—not the slightest breath of censure can be blown in the face of Middlebury College that to day there are two kindred institutions within an hour's ride of each other, doing what one larger College might do with a less expenditure of power and means. But correct me Men

and Women of Middlebury, if I am wrong when I say that the desire for blending these two institutions is every day weakening its already feeble hold upon the popular mind. The leaders may plan fusion to their hearts' content but what do the people now a days think of it. A recent State election has uttered their voice upon this point and some wiseacres are so presumptuous as to tell us that next Tuesday will echo that voice with thundering reverberation. Fusion, clearly, isn't popular in 1860, not even the fusion of Colleges, I think. At all events the best bulletin yet issued, that there is to be no fusion between these two Institutions, is yonder Corner-stone—no such fusion at least, as shall transfer Middlebury to Burlington. Mahomet may come to the Mountain if he wishes—though hitherto he has shown himself strangely unwilling to meet even half way—but the Mountain isn't going to Mahomet; so, at least, *I* understand the bulletin, our honored President has just issued, for surely it would be foolish to bind a new monster building around its feet if it intended to take so long and so painful a tramp.

I cannot quite take leave of my subject and of you, my kind audience, without a word of earnest appeal. Were I standing at this moment, before the congregated alumni of Middlebury College, and could estimate, even approximately, the work, the good, which she has already done—could forecast what she might do if only they would give her the ability, might not my trespass be forgiven if, burdened with my theme, I lost sight of their age and my own youth, and besought them to unloose every band which now shackles her, to make straight and smooth the path before her, to gird her with greater power that she might realize the mission, which, in vision, her founders foresaw more than half a century ago. Buildings, however necessary, are not all a College needs, they will stand here on this hill, mute satirists, pointing, how keenly, the folly of their builders, unless you send hither your sons in swarms and dower her more and still more abundantly with means. If, as has been said, this, like each sister Institution, is an artery bearing out and distributing all over and all through the body of society, the life blood of a pure education incarnated in educated men, to com-

plete the circulation—as well as my figure—there must be a network of veins bringing back supplies to feed it and give it its legitimate work, these veins are none other than individual influences—these individuals are none other than you and the friends of the College, in general. In the new building that is to be, you have an additional pledge, that whatever the College may have been in the past, it is not to be in the future, a wayward drifting craft, exposed to a random blow from an iceberg of adverse circumstances, and likely at any moment to drop, like the fated Pacific, to the unknown depths below. You can wield your influence in her favor, you can help to fill out her quota of Professorships and add to her endowment, you can send hither your sons and your friends, and you can do it all in the full certainty that the College is to be as stable in her perpetuity as the rock out yonder, on whose broad, bare shoulders “ancient as the sun,” is to rest the mammoth weight of her new edifice.

In New England, and in Vermont of all New England, one looks for the spirit which nourishes Colleges. That pitiable delusion that a College education unstrings one for the rude, rough touches of life, has little currency—thank God—in the Green Mountain State. And you do not need to be told that Vermont cannot keep her rank as the Banner State of the thirty-three, in all that constitutes the virtue and intelligence of her citizens, without the direct and potent influence of her Colleges; I am persuaded, then, that the interests and destiny of the Institution cannot rest in better hands than yours.

There need be no bitter strife between Abraham and Lot, there are fields large and well watered enough for both Middlebury and Burlington, let each in the spirit of friends go up and possess them. If only you, if her sons, if her friends generally, will be but true to their trust, and to her, I need summon here to-day, no Sybil to read you the future of Middlebury College. As her sons increase and the circles of their influence are widening, the territory whence she is to glean her rich harvest sheaves, is multiplying in extent and may be made to yield rich and still richer offerings, year by year. Only let her friends—and standing where I do, may I not venture the prediction that they will—only let her friends match her growth

by a corresponding growth of their interest in her, and their labors for her, and the occasion which calls us together to-day, will be a glad omen prophetic of the years that yet await her—years in which, like the tree in royal vision, she shall grow and wax strong, rooting herself deep and yet deeper into the heart of the people of Vermont, as she has already into her soil, and extending the protection of her branches over whatever arts and callings and interests dear alike to right and to truth, may be attracted by her kindly shade to nestle and to thrive beneath it.

POEM

BY E. HIBBARD PHELPS.

As round the warm hearth of their own native home,
 The boys and the girls of the family come,
 And with love for that home which no stranger can feel,
 Leave the plow or the workshop, the loom or the wheel,
 The old ones their work and the young ones their play,
 To honor their mother's returning birth day;
 So we, a strong band of affectionate brothers,
 Have gathered to honor the kindest of mothers,
 Who to-day has attained a right hearty three score,
 With a prospect immortal presented in store.
 Yes, our Alma Mater, to her we would sing,
 And all our oblations and praises would bring.
 When we anxiously look in her honest old face
 To discover the wrinkles, or find some sad trace
 Of the cruel advances of old Father Time,
 We are forced to conclude that she's "right in her prime;"
 For though sixty fair summers have flown o'er her head,
 And sixty cold winters have numbered their dead,
 Still, healthy and active, the dame may be seen,
 As rosy and fair as a girl of sixteen,
 And like all the *young* ladies and some, I dare say,
 Whose eyes are quite dim and whose hair is quite gray,

To keep up with the fashions, those dreadful disorders,
 She's extending her skirts and enlarging her borders.
 Though a few years ago she had quite a sick spell,
 And hints were thrown out that she could'nt get well,
 Yet when all the facts of the case had been shown,
 And the cause of her illness was clearly made known,
 Then her noble sons' came, from all countries and climes,
 With their hearts filled with love, and their pockets with dimes,
 Which last mentioned fact so revived the old lady
 That she soon looked as blooming and bright as May-day;
 And ever since then it is perfectly plain
 That the honest old lady has been on the gain.

You remember a story which Saxe once related,
 How, a few years ago, she came nigh being mated
 To a handsome young gent, who with manner quite bland
 Walked up to the lady and offered his hand;
 How, charmed with his figure and pleasing address,
 She almost concluded to answer him "yes!"
 But how she at last, although deeply affected,
 With praiseworthy firmness his offer rejected.
 All this you have heard, and I simply would say,
 That the lady is happy and thankful to-day,
 To think that she took just the course that she did,
 And preserved unalloyed the fair name of "Old Midd."

And now that I've mentioned the fact of her health,
 What else can I do than to speak of her wealth?
 Not the wealth hoarded up in her iron bound coffers,
 For of this we're quite sure 'tis but little she offers,
 Not the wealth which she holds in convertible funds,
 But the genuine wealth in her notable sons.
 Yes, the sons of "Old Midd" are a glorious throng,
 Whose names and whose deeds should be hallowed in song.
 In all parts of the nation where'er you may go,
 'Neath a tropical sun or in regions of snow,

In the bright golden west or where orient skies
 Shed such beauty as falls from a maiden's soft eyes,
 There the son of "Old Midd," has a home and a wife,
 And is doubtless enjoying the good things of life.
 For though humble and poor as they oft are by birth,
 Without money or friends on the face of the Earth,
 'Tis a noteworthy fact, and it runs in the breed,
 That whate'er they attempt they are *sure to succeed* ;
 For go where he will, and do what he may,
 A son of "Old Midd" will make *everything pay*.
 Should his love for the Truth, or the length of his jaw,
 Constrain him to follow the practice of law,
 With his Coke and his Blackstone he emigrates West,
 Finds a place where "the legal" will flourish the best,
 Hires a "7 by 9" attic and runs out his shingle,
 Determined to live, if he has to live single ;
 Puts a quill o'er his ear, and puts on a long face,
 And sits down in his office, and waits for a case.
 The next that we hear, in a very few years
 As a star in the Senate our lawyer appears,
 While his many friends think that the prospect is fair
 Of his some day obtaining the president's chair.

But should duty to God and a sin fallen race
 Constrain him to herald the news of free grace,
 To illumine the regions enveloped in night
 With the gospel's celestial, all glorious light ;
 With his heart in the work and his life in his hand,
 He carries the Truth to some sin-stricken land ;
 In the jungles and deserts he raises the cross,
 And though tortured and sick, yet he counts it no loss
 If by teaching forgiveness and infinite love,
 He shall fit one more soul for those mansions above.
 But perhaps he may feel 'tis his lot to assist
 In converting the heathen who dwell in our midst ;

With his eloquent words, his faith and his zeal,
 He softens the heart, though like obdurate steel;
 Settles down in some place at a moderate fee,
 Having gained by his labors the title D. D.,
 Till wearied and worn with his duties below,
 With faith in the future he meets his last foe.

Many, ay, many who once gathered here
 In the haunts of Earth's children no longer appear !
 They have journeyed afar to the land of the dead,
 And now sleep their last sleep in their cold narrow bed.
 Many whose voices once joyous and loud
 Rang the merriest peal in the whole merry crowd,
 Many whose step was once nimble and light,
 And whose eyes lit with joy were once sparkling and bright,
 Now rest in the churchyard, beneath the green sward,
 Though their spirits have flown to their final reward.

As we glance for a moment far back in the past,
 And review all her sons, from the first to the last,
 We find many a noble, illustrious name,
 Carved in letters of light on the Temple of Fame.
 There is Beman, the sentinel still at his post,
 From the watchtowers of Zion arousing the host,
 Like a veteran soldier, all wounded and scarred,
 With his armor still on, he stands firmly on guard;
 Though a noble old age has deep furrowed his brow,
 And many cold winters have crowned it with snow,
 Yet his warm heart, unchilled by the rigors of life,
 Still beats to be first in the heavenly strife,
 Still longs to be first in the glorious fight
 For the downfall of wrong and the triumph of right.
 And Slade, an undaunted defender of Truth,
 A friend of the slave, and a guardian of youth;
 As a ruler of State he was faithful and just,
 As a patron of arts ever true to his trust,

For his God and his country he did what he could;
 Seeking nothing beside the reward of the good.
 And Royce, a firm leader in every good cause,
 A pillar of Justice supporting the laws,
 A man and a statesman of true honest worth,
 Devoting his life to the land of his birth.
 Still as downward we glance through the vista of years
 No name more resplendent than Henshaw appears;
 In theology ever the soundest and best;
 As a preacher with clearness and earnestness blest;
 As a pastor his flock he with jealousy led;
 As a bishop a wise man, in heart and in head.

Next my eye falls on Larned, a bright morning star,
 Sending forth its pure light o'er the nation afar,
 Till, suddenly fading, its glorious ray
 Becomes merged in the light of an eternal day.
 And Wilcox, a genius whose heaven-bestowed fire
 In the shadow of Death was too soon to expire.
 With a frame that was fragile and feeble from birth,
 And a mind too angelic and pure for this Earth,
 His soul grew impatient and fought for its crown
 Till it battered the walls of its tenement down.

But among all the sons of our fair Alma Mater
 No life was more honored, no name can be greater
 Than that name ever glowing in letters of light,
 The name never dying, the great Silas Wright;
 Like a huge promontory whose bold rocky form
 Rises gloomy and grand o'er the tempest and storm,
 So Wright, the firm champion and son of the North,
 With footstep undaunted stood gallantly forth,
 And with sternness unflinching and firm as the rock,
 'Mid the conflict of parties resisted the shock.
 Possessing a mind ever subtle and clear,
 And a purpose which never knew failure nor fear,

He pressed on plucking honor and fame as he rose,
 Leaving far in the rear all his rivals and foes,
 Till when he felt certain that soon he should clasp
 The highest of honors, it fell from his grasp;
 For Death, the Avenger, had leveled his dart,
 And with unerring aim it had pierced his great heart.

There is Olin, whose mind like the streams mighty tide
 Moved in majesty on, in its channel so wide;
 So transparent and pure that its depth was concealed,
 So deep that its grand flow was never revealed.
 And Thompson, a mind ever changing and bright,
 Like the Auroral splendor, a fair northern light,
 First tinting the sky with a delicate flush,
 As the moon when it welcomes the sun with a blush,
 Then morning in grandeur and blazing afar
 Like the death dealing charge of two armies at war.
 There is Owen, still delving for classical lore,
 As a miner would dig for more tangible ore;
 In the minds of all students his memory lurks,
 For he's known, if at all, by his numerous works;
 Beyond these, however, we care not to seek,
 Though we're sure that he must be a "regular Greek."
 And Conant, a scholar, a preacher and sage,
 He too is unfolding the classical page.
 And Nelson, a judge and a jurist, whose name
 Is coupled with justice as one and the same.
 And Smith, a true type of the genuine man,
 In the battle of Truth ever leading the van.
 Still another there is, to whose memory dear
 We would tender the silent regard of a tear.
 Too the scholar and Christian, the talented Keith,
 Too pure for this world of confusion and death,
 The soul bows in homage, so pure was his life,
 So sad, yet so free from Earth's grovelling strife.

But I must desist, lest your interest flag,
 But not till I speak of our family wag;
 Yes, like all other families we have a wit,
 Whom 'twould be quite a blunder if I should omit;
 I refer to our Saxe, a right jolly good fellow,
 'Neath whose jokes an old foggy would surely grow mellow;
 Besides he's a poet, and all of his rhyme,
 Like the tinkling of bells, has a musical chime,
 Not heavy nor grating, but wanton and gay,
 Like the heart of a child on a merry spring day;
 And besides reputation, 'tis said he's earned *money*
 By tickling the people with something that's funny;
 In short he's the jolliest chap in the crowd,
 Of whom Alma Mater may justly be proud.

But should I bring forward each notable son,
 The glorious list I have hardly begun;
 I might speak of Mallory, Lawrence and Town,
 Of Eaton and Coolidge, all men of renown;
 Of Meacham and Howard, Foot, Buell and Chase,
 And others whose names Time can never efface,
 But I will be done, with the hope and the prayer
 That the prospects of "Midd" may be ever as fair,
 That the star of her glory may never decline,
 But brighter and fairer continue to shine.
 May the stone, which to-day we have laid in its place,
 Be the noble foundation, the unyielding base
 Of a structure whose walls through all ages shall stand,
 The bulwarks of Truth, the defense of the land;
 A fortress of strength to the State and the world,
 From which every error in shame shall be hurled;
 A temple, where wisdom shall ever maintain
 Her sway undisputed, her glorious reign;
 Whose worthy high priests shall in purity teach
 Both the freedom of thought and the freedom of speech;
 Where justice and honor and Truth shall abide
 While the cycles of Time in their harmony glide.

O D E

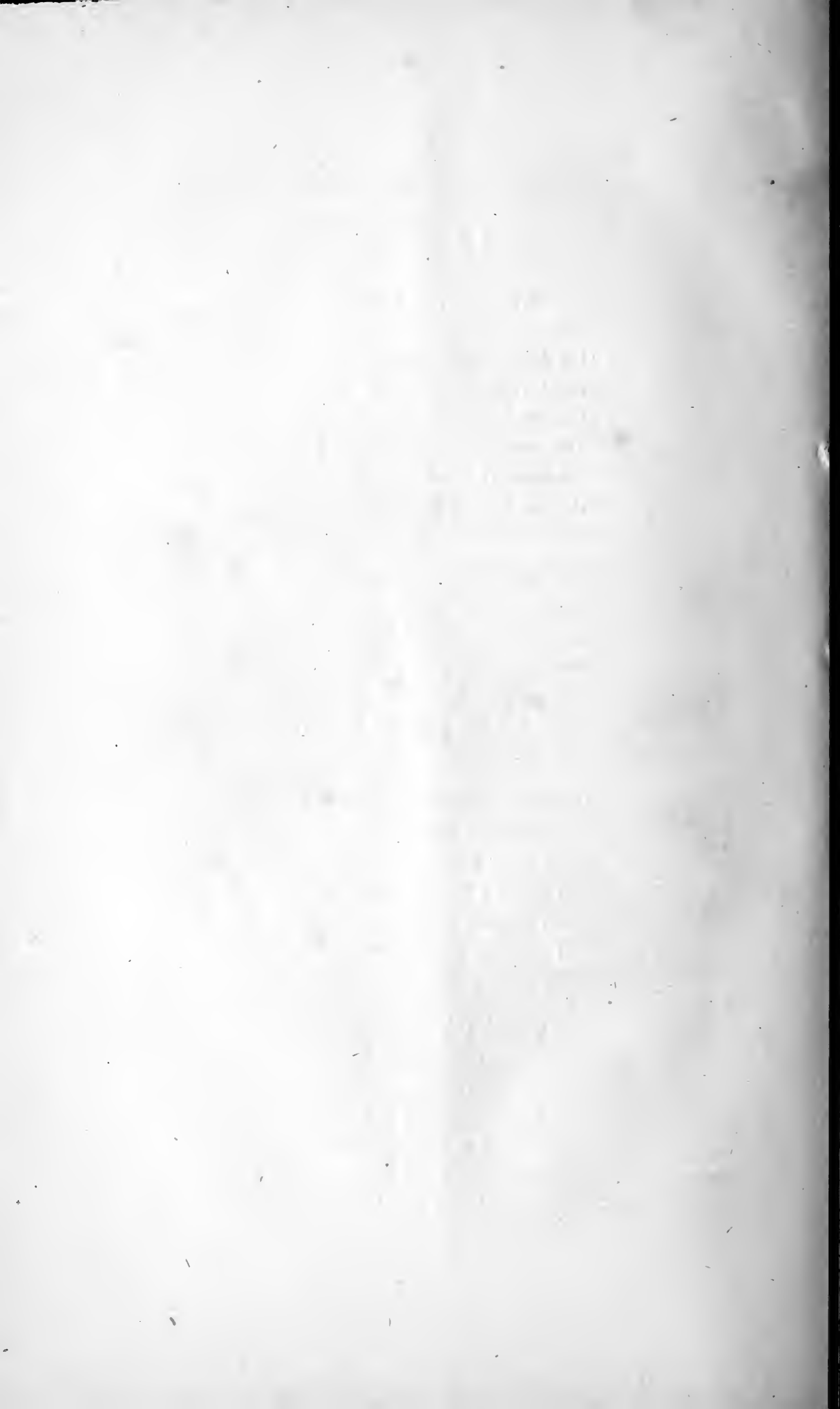
BY J. E. PIERCE.

Our Alma Mater sing,
 And let her praises ring
 O'er sea and land.
 Who, strong with threescore years
 Her massive walls uprears
 Glorious among her peers—
 Long may she stand !

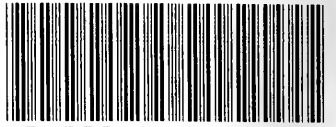
Thou guardian of the free,
 Bulwark of liberty,
 And foe of wrong ;
 We found thee on the rock,
 And bid thee stand and mock
 Time, and the tempests shock,
 Forever strong !

“ Stand ! ” till thy sons, sent forth
 To purify the earth,
 Their work have done,
 Till Truth's victorious car
 Shall thunder from afar,
 Till ends the glorious war,
 With victory won !

But though this corner stone,
 May, ages hence, sink down
 Within the earth,
 Thy sons shall keep thy name,
 And spread with loud acclaim
 Thy high, immortal fame,
 And matchless worth !



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